

Sweetened Roses and Tactical Claws

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32825902) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32825902>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Omega Verse , Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Alpha Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Beta Karl Jacobs (Video Blogging RPF) , Omega GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Mating Cycles/In Heat , Possessive Behavior , Enthusiastic Consent , Spit As Lube , and slick , but that's to be expected , Rough Sex , Anal Fingering , Rimming , Size Difference , Praise Kink , Multiple Orgasms , Scratching , Choking , Anal Sex , Riding , Breeding , Knotting , Light Masochism
Language:	English
Collections:	MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-29 Words: 7246

Sweetened Roses and Tactical Claws

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

The words die quickly on his tongue, something curt fondling through his bones as his eyes go wide. Then it hits him, the smell of sweetened roses and tactical claws—George is in his heat.

And *oh fuck*, Sapnap is with him.

—

Or, Dream is always prepared for George's heat—knows the things he needs to do when it happens. But who would've expected it to come two weeks early?

Definitely not him.

Notes

help, i've fallen into the realm of omega verse and i can't get up

anyway, millie dnfsinner has a breeding kink and omegaverse is the only thing i could

incorporate it in (besides catboy hybrid GNF where i make him meow).

i've never written anything like this before, i'm very inexperienced when it comes to the omegaverse universe, so if there are inaccuracies i'm sorry??

last thing, info !! i wrote george's heat to be every month, lasting from a few days to a week. and i don't know if this needs a warning but there are also mentions of birth control pills !! other than that, everything written is entirely consensual—i swear dream asks like a million fucking times pffft, which is why i'm not tagging dubious consent because it isn't that.

as always, enjoy and i'll see you all at the end to plug my twitter !! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The sickening floral scent meant everything about George's state of hysteria—distasteful and potent where it settles in Dream's mind.

Sure, maybe the stench of roses would smell good to any passerby, but to Dream, all it did was ensure the most complex emotions. And maybe it was so because that's all their apartment smelled of; sweetened roses and tactical claws.

Dream's been accustomed, however. He knows how to withstand the alluring yet malodorous smell that only gets more intense as the month goes on, and for one week out of the month, in particular, it can be almost insatiable. Furrowed eyebrows and hauling himself up in his respective space to avoid his roommate's euphoric state of *heat*.

But nothing—not even locking his door to keep the needy, blissed omega from pawing at his bed—could have prepared Dream for this.

It's barely noticeable when he comes home, Karl and Sapnap following him inside, all hushed giggles and playful eyes when Dream kicks the door shut. He calls out to George, lets him know he's home; he doesn't get a response, Dream shrugging and assuming the latter went to bed early.

“So,” Sapnap begins, making himself at home on the blond's couch, “where's your little omega?”

Dream scoffs. “Oh, please, he isn't *my* omega, Sap.”

His keys are hung on golden hooks screwed into the wall, rattling metal tolerable as they sway back and forth. Karl laughs, plopping himself down next to Sapnap.

“I don't understand how yet,” he says, snuggling into the raven's side. “If I were an alpha, I'd have my hands all over him the second he presented.”

A smirk slides over the thin lips of a sun-kissed face. “I'm sure you would, Karl—”

“Where is he, by the way? George, I mean,” Sapnap cuts in.

Dream shrugs, feet dragging over rough carpet after kicking his shoes off by the door. He swings a leg underneath himself, sitting in his recliner that smelled awfully sweet—it knocks him from his

conscious state for a moment, throat going dry as familiar roses set in.

Has George been in his seat lately? He doesn't remember it smelling like this.

"Probably sleeping," Dream hums, nose scrunching as his eyebrows furrow. "He's been busy studying."

The scent never dissipates, surrounding his senses like a moth to a light. It leaves his mouth dryer than a desert, pupils dilating in a sea of viridian green as he pushes down the almost primal instinct crawling over his skin—a *primal instinct of an omega in heat*.

No. That couldn't be possible; George's heat is in two weeks, it's way too early for meak arrangements of flowers to be infiltrating his mind. And even so, Sapnap and Karl didn't seem to smell it (thankfully).

"He's always studying," Karl huffs, "never knows when to take a break, that one."

Dream flicks his gaze over to the pair on the couch, observing Sapnap's focused stare on the ground; he now looked to be caught up in his head, a wrinkle formed in the forehead by the furrow of his brows. Dream supposes it's from the Beta's calming scent that nestles into his chest.

A stuttered breath whispers at the air, the heavy rise and fall of Dream's chest as that *fucking smell* penetrates his mind. The intensity is catching him off guard, but he assumes it's his chair—he'll have to reprimand George later about smothering his space with that godforsaken polish of rose quartz and midsummer afternoons.

And the familiarity of it makes everything ten times worse. Because Dream swears he smelled that same intense, sickeningly sweet stench one month prior when he had to lock himself up in his room and try to hold back his rut.

That same temperament is striker now, flowing through the marrow of his bones where his secondary instincts dare to come out and play.

"Why don't you ever invite George out with us?" Sapnap's voice knocks over Dream's mind. "I'm sure he'd love to get wasted as well."

Dream rolls his eyes. "I have," he indulges, "but he always says no."

Briefly, Dream twists around in his chair, curious eyes finding the top of the small table placed in an even smaller kitchen. Yellow and white bottles are tipped over, pills splayed overtop, and it has Dream more confused than ever.

Scent suppressors and birth control—the only two medications Dream knows George is on.

It creates more questions to brew over in his mind: why were they spilled? Why weren't the heat suppressors working? And why, for the love of god, did it look as though George was in a rush to take his birth control?

"You okay, Dream?" Karl's voice draws him back to reality. "Your scents kinda... *overpowering* right now."

"My scents overpowering? Do you not smell the—" he cuts off, bringing his hand to the nape of his neck, covering his scent gland.

Maybe it's him? But when in the hell did he start smelling like George?

Sapnap looks between them with a stone-cutting edge to recite words. “Okay, well, I’m gonna go wake up George while you guys deal with whatever the fuck *this* is.”

The shrug of Dream’s shoulders is lazy, drawing out a short “Sure,” and then Karl and Dream are left alone when the other Alpha springs up from the couch. And Dream isn’t sure if his eyes are playing tricks on him or not, but he swears there’s a flash of bright red in a sea of usually grey-green. He disregards instantly.

That aura of sweetness never leaves. In fact, it gets more prominent as the minutes pass by, and Dream is becoming all too aware of it.

“Dude,” Karl begins, eyebrows raised curiously at the Alpha, “what the fuck is wrong? Your pheromones are going bat-shit crazy.”

Dream’s nose scrunches slightly. “Do you seriously not smell that?”

“Smell *what*, Dream? I can’t recognize anything other than the disgusting musk of you and Sapnap.”

“It’s George—I can smell George.”

Karl tilts his head to the side, obscuring his gaze away from Dream as he sniffs around. Dream wonders if he can smell the saccharine potency of his roommate, wonders if he even knows what George smells like in the first place—*is it weird for Dream to have it memorized?*

“It isn’t usually this bad,” Dream sighs. “Not until his—”

The words die quickly on his tongue, something curt fondling through his bones as his eyes go wide. Then it hits him, the smell of sweetened roses and tactical claws—George is in his heat.

And *oh fuck*, Sapnap is with him.

A growl rips from Dream’s mouth, eyes flashing red when he blinks. Strands of woven possession string through his blood, nails gripping the black leather of his recliner as he pushes himself from its cushiony comfort.

“Wait, Dream,” Karl springs up from the couch, “it’s okay. Calm down.”

Karl presses a palm to Dream’s chest, eyes wide with worry. And through the haze of something like anger, the blond can’t find it in him to care about how he hurts Karl’s wrist, pushing him away before scurrying to George’s room. Pattered sounds of the Beta’s feet follow behind.

“Don’t fucking tell me to calm down,” Dream grits. “Not when George is in his heat.”

As he rushes up the stairs, anger boils in his chest, thoughts of Sapnap being with George when he’s at his most vulnerable place, having his heat come on two weeks early. And somewhere in the back of his mind, Dream deems it wrong—it should be him with George, not Sapnap or anyone else.

The weeks he’s spent alone, locked in his room as rushes of pheromones push him into an early rut, cumming time after time into his hand. The long days of listening to George call out for him—for an *Alpha*—moans utterly blissful with all too sweet undertones of bitterness. Dream had to practically block his door off before his secondary gender took over, before he could barge into George’s room and offer himself up on a silver platter.

However, he's more unsettled than horny; Sapnap knew, he smelled George from downstairs and made up some pathetic excuse to stumble his way to the Omega. He's furious because Sapnap didn't tell him, didn't even let Dream know of his suspicion. And more importantly, Dream is upset with himself for not realizing sooner so he could shove Karl and Sapnap out the door before going to his room.

In simple terms, he's walking a very dangerous path. Sapnap is an Alpha. He won't be in the right mindset to back off—and Dream is almost glad Karl followed him upstairs.

Misplaced anger sears his body with metaphorical flames of crimson blood, dripping green possession over the Omega currently wafting the air with his sweet essence of *heat*. And in a matter of seconds, he'll be face to face with George, begging for an Alpha to fill him up, make it stop hurting, just as he's always done through thin walls. But this time, Dream doesn't know if he'll be able to lock himself up in time to stop the feelings from flooding over his mind—make him blind with wanting to please the poor puppy.

Karl sticks close when they turn a corner, earlier complaints about Dream's overbearing scent thrown out the window at the implication of George's heat.

"I'm assuming it came early?" he asks timidly, almost afraid.

"Two weeks," Dream throws back. "It isn't supposed to come on for two more weeks. And Sapnap —"

Florals of roses grow stronger with each step, the smell striking something deep within Dream as he thinks about Sapnap being there with George—he wonders how the raven knew before he did.

"You won't hurt him, Dream," Karl tries to reason. "It's his natural instinct. You can't blame him."

Dream turns around sharply, eyes filled with something like anger and bittersweet bliss. "He could have at least told us, Karl, not make up an excuse to be alone with him."

"Why do you care? George is an Omega; he needs an Alpha, and better it's Sapnap than a stranger."

There's another pang of possession, the part of him that wants claiming rights over George yearning to push its way through. Feelings he's tried to drown out, months of cumming over and over into his fist as he tries to imagine what it would be like to knot George. He'd tighten his hand around the base of his cock, try to imitate the Omega's catch—only to be met with dissatisfaction because it isn't the real thing.

"It should be me," Dream spits out harshly. "So learn to keep your dumb fucking mutt on a leash, okay?"

"Wait... you—"

Dream groans, turning back around to continue his voyage to George's room. "Fucking obviously, Karl."

After that, the Beta shuts his mouth, clearly caught off guard by the poor admission of feelings the blond stupidly let out. And the trek from downstairs seems longer than it should've been, Dream having to hold himself back from doing something he'd regret when he sees Sapnap standing at the entrance way of George's room.

That primal need is pushed down like the lump in his throat, spit trailing with fire as he swallows

thickly, the action burning callus holes through the muscle of his esophagus.

“Sapnap,” Dream says, trying to keep his voice steady, “back off.”

It’s obvious Sapnap is feeling the shameful apprehension of seeking out the needy omega, wide eyes glossy with spikes of regret when he turns to Dream. And the other Alpha almost feels bad for him—but he’s never been good at control, which is why he’s grateful for Karl, who seems to be the only one who can keep himself together.

Karl also knows that the situation could get worse if he weren’t to step in.

“It’s George, dude. You don’t wanna do that to him.”

Sapnap gulps. “But he’s... I-I can’t,” his hands shake by his side, “Dream, he wants you—he’s *asking* for you.”

Dream dares to step closer, the smell of roses and sweet innocence dripping onto his skin. And then he hears it—the pained begging, a bitter tone seeping sin into his ears.

“Alpha, please. It hurts—hurts so bad...”

His eyes glow red, hidden behind eyelids as he tries to take a few deep breaths; he needs to get Karl and Sapnap out of here first before he’s able to deal with George’s state of hysteria.

“You two,” Dream stutters for air, “need to get the hell home—unless you want to stay for the show.”

Karl pushes his way past Dream, hooking his arm around Sapnap’s. “We don’t,” he laughs, an attempt to lighten the mood, “but take care of him, and *don’t*, for the love of god, mark him, Dream—no matter how much he begs for it.”

The blond’s throat goes dry; even with the excess of spit gathering on his tongue, it isn’t enough to keep him from thinking about the dangerous repercussions of Karl’s words.

“I-I won’t...” he whispers. “I promise I won’t.”

Dream knows he could never mark George—no matter how bad every instinct inside of him would scream to dig his teeth into the supple skin of the Omega’s neck.

As much as he craves it, he’ll push it down.

“I’m sorry, Dream,” Sapnap mumbles as Karl drags him away, tone genuine with sublime lacing Greek features.

He’s left alone in the hallway, a few feet from George’s room, and everything inside of his body burns. Familiar arousal pools low in his stomach, dominance over the Omega infiltrating a foggy haze of yearning and searing hot need—Dream debates shutting the door, rushing off to his own room to do what he’s always done.

And as much as he wants to fight it, he can’t. Not anymore, at least.

When Dream is certain Karl and Sapnap have gone, he takes the risky steps forward. Viridian and scarlet eyes land on a needy figure, bundled up in his bed—and the first thing he notices is green fabric that swallows George’s thin frame (even when laying on his back).

He’s rutting up into his hand, the sleeve of Dream’s hoodie pulled over his fist while his hips buck

uncontrollably. Tears lay fresh on alabaster and red cheeks, mumbled cries of “please” resting heavily on a velvet tongue. And Dream has never felt more powerless.

They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and Dream believes that now. Because when he’s bestowed with the most enticing imagine of his roommate, needy whimpers and graceful begs to fill him with content, he’s never been more enthralled in his entire fucking life.

Arousal curls around his ankles and wrists with ebon-like vines dipped in hot viper liquid, scorching sun-kissed skin with a permanent mark of utter desperation and a means for control. Gentle death plants vile sin on his lips, shivers wracking him whole.

“George,” he manages to whisper, bleak and small compared to the demeanor of his sins.

The boy weeps, eyes glowing with want. “*Alpha.*”

Dream shuts the door behind him, breath hitching in his throat as the words settle with a thick polish of everlasting desire. He presses forward, akin to a hungry lion walking through a rabbit hole.

Something like a string snaps in his brain, instincts begging to take over his mind as he’s pushed into a lust-filled high. “Omega,” he gathers roughly, trying to keep his rapidly slipping composure intact. “My sweet, sweet omega...”

“Please,” George whines brokenly, “it hurts, Clay.”

The brunet is writhing on his ~~makeshift nest~~ bed, and now that Dream is closer, he can see all of the stolen hoodies he’s noticed disappearing from his closet the last few months. Did his scent make George feel comforted during heat? *Fuck.*

When the words fully render in Dream’s head, a soft curse slips from his lips, knees hitting the side of the bed where George lays with *his hoodie* being the only thing to adorn white skin. His cock leaks sinfully where a sweater paw holds it between dainty fingers, a messy smell of slick sweet in Dream’s nose.

Umber eyes are glossy, wet tears thick on black eyelashes, and Dream wishes he had more self-control.

“What do you need, angel?” he asks, mattress dipping under his weight as he crawls in beside George, careful not to disturb the nest.

George cries, releasing his grip around himself in favor of curling lithe fingers around a sun-kissed palm, gaze stuck on the noticeable difference of size for a few moments. And Dream doesn’t blame him—he’d be staring, too, if it weren’t for the piles of lust swirling around his gut.

“George,” he calls out to the Omega again, “tell me what you want so I can give it to you.”

“You, Alpha,” George whimpers, turning on his side to bury his face into the blond’s clothed thigh. “Want you, want your knot... please!”

The switch in Dream’s mind flicks over with a less than gentle operation, hand threading through chocolate locks before tugging George away from his leg. Nevertheless, he still keeps himself composed (barely).

“Is that what you really want?” he asks, tone dark and edged with raspy curves and twinged silk.

George looks up at him with needy eyes, all too submissive in the juxtaposition of a dominant alpha. The sweet essence of sin tears between the natural scent of roses, a small hand reaching out to tug at the hem of Dream's shirt.

And with a less than pathetic nod, George whispers, "Yes, please."

Sharp eyes glow carmine around verdant irises, arousal swelling noticeably in Dream's jeans when paper-based fingers dance over his aching length. And then he remembers the medicine, spilled out on a kitchen table in a hurried manner—it makes sense now, too.

"Did you..." he trails off as George presses a small kiss over his cock. "Fuck, Georgie—did you take your birth control?"

The Omega refuses to respond, or maybe he just didn't hear the question. Either way, Dream delivers a harsh tug to brown strands of hair, a pornographic gasp reverberating off white-splashed walls.

"Answer me if you want me to knot you, sweetheart," Dream hums. "Did you, or did you not take your medicine? It's important I know, baby."

A whine ripples in the air. "Yes, I did," George writhes against red silk sheets. "Now, *please*, it hurts so bad, Alpha."

With prosed confirmation, Dream lets go of his hold in George's hair, opting to shuffle off the bed despite the whine that falls from sweet lips. He tears his shirt from his body, throwing it on the floor before his hands do quick work of unbuckling his belt—part of him wants to wrap the leather around frail wrists, but that thought dissipates immediately.

He climbs back onto the bed, this time positioning himself between George's legs. Again, a plethora of floral scents hit him almost, creating a game of tug of war with his brain and decent rationality.

George is nothing but a mess between his thighs, Dream catching the glisten of slick that leaks from a pink rim. He has to stop himself from bringing his fingers down, making them messy, too, and licking the sweet taste away. (He'll get to that soon).

"Let's take the hoodie off, baby, okay?" Dream says, hands slipping under the cotton fabric.

"No," George cries in protest, "s-smells like Alpha... wanna keep it on."

Dream's expression softens at the admission, nails brushing over the hot flush of a pale stomach. "Alpha's here, baby. *I'm* here—you have me now."

Gentle hands slip the fabric up, exposing George's navel, where his cock leaks onto alabaster flesh. The tip is flushed red, obscene reflections of precum aiding the already pleasant view, and Dream groans, feeling himself grow tighter in his jeans at the other's desperation.

"My pretty Omega," he coos softly, hands hesitant to rest on the caps of knees, "does it hurt?"

George nods. "Hurts," he repeats. "Need your help, Alpha."

"Are you sure?"

"*Yes*—please, Dream," George ruts his hips into the air. "Want you in me, Alpha, wan' your pups. Please, I'm ready for it."

Dream catches the barest dilation of pupils, George's eyes glowing with golden drops of honey and umber when he slides his hands over supple skin. The needy plea situates itself deep in the Alpha's chest, his own eyes flashing red with possession as he blinks slowly.

The bob of his throat is noticeable when Dream swallows thick spit. "Did you prep yourself, angel?"

Eager hands twitch over scarlet bed sheets, a pathetic nod showing George's agreement. "For you, Alpha. 'S all for you."

"Did you know it would be early?" Dream asks cautiously, fingers dancing to curl around disparity.

"No," the brunet yelps at the stimulation, "j-just happened when you were gone—*fuck, Clay*. Please don't be gentle with me."

At the request, Dream smirks, squeezing his hand around the tip of George's cock, thumb gliding over the slit. The Omega sputters helplessly, back arching off the bed as he tries to fuck his hips up, chase the stimulation Dream offers him on a silver platter.

He gives a few jerks up and down, prideful in the way he makes George writhe—but he isn't here for foreplay.

"Turn over for me, baby," Dream hums, pulling his hand away from the other's cock.

George complies almost immediately, the high whine that resounds low in his throat the only complaint Dream gets as he flips over on his stomach. The blond shifts, strong hands coming out to pull George up, so his ass is up in the air. And from the new view, Dream can see how *fucking wet* the Omega is, his hole leaking an excess of slick with every clench around nothingness.

A hand is placed on George's ass to keep him steady, Dream using the other to prod two fingers at the muscle. They slip inside almost too quickly, George swallowing Dream's digits as they slide in and out slowly and without a consistent speed.

Soft moans and whimpers are spilled into black pillows, Dream dragging the pads along sensitive walls. Sweetened roses infiltrate his mind, the smell utterly intoxicating where it settles with a thick haze of lust, and it only makes Dream's primal side ache for the tenderness of the sweet little Omega to be bouncing on his cock.

Vipers of pins and needles jab at his skin without mercy, high on the sounds of George ringing through his mind when he hits a particular spot.

"Fuck, angel, right there?"

George nods to the best of his ability, pushing his hips back to meet Dream's thrusts. "Plea-se, Alpha."

It's pathetic, completely broken, trailing on the edge of vile, and that's exactly how Dream preferred for him to sound. (He'd give George anything if he asked him like that). The curl of Dream's fingers brings a rippled moan from the Omega's throat, slipping into his ears like audible porn—and the blond does it over and over just to hear the same noises.

The impossible curve in George's spine bends even more, legs hitting the bed as he writhes from Dream's fingers.

“C-Close,” he whines.

If Dream weren't so focused on getting George through his heat, he would've stopped all movements, make George beg until he cries—but he isn't that cruel yet.

“Cum for me, princess,” he whispers, angling his fingers to run over that *one* spot that makes George go crazy, “cum.”

George listens, toes curling as his body shakes, and he's painting red bed sheets white with stickiness. His moans only get higher and more drawn-out, quite literally fucking himself back on Dream's fingers in hopes to chase his first orgasm through its completion. And as much as Dream would love for him to, he wants nothing more than to taste the sweet essence of slick on his tongue.

He drags his fingers out, not minding the whine he gets in protest, and lets himself relish in the way George tastes when he laps his tongue around them. Floral blooms over taste buds, coaxing a low moan from the depths of his chest as he licks his hand clean.

“Taste so fucking good, George,” he groans sickly, dipping his head down to fan hot breath over a fluttering entrance.

Dream gives a small kiss to the muscle, slick dripping from George's hole in a way that makes him flick his tongue to stop it from flowing down. The Omega yelps, legs kicking against the bed—and Dream has to hold himself back from pinning thin ankles to the mattress.

Lite hands twist around the fabric of a black pillowcase, pretty whimpers and moans muffled by the plushness. Dream swirls his tongue in slow strokes, savoring the essence of George's heat—he's always imagined him to taste this way, like mid-summer afternoons and a bouquet of roses given to you by your crush.

Gentle pleas of “more, Alpha, more” rest between the cushions of pillows and deaf ears as George pushes back against Dream's face.

The Alpha groans pleurably at the begging but delivers anyway, licking into George with graced fervor. A wet muscle stretches the other open without any struggle, previous enamors of George fingering himself with four fingers way before Dream arrived home, making the process easy.

He pushes past the rim, tongue moving rapidly as he promptly eats George out—Dream thinks he'll never get enough of it, not when the other tastes *this fucking good*.

Slick soon begins to slip down Dream's chin, the excess hot and sticky, mixing with sinful spit on his skin. And it's all high-strung moans and ragged breaths, George writhing from just the other's tongue pushing in and out of him.

Hyperactive nerves bundle together in a tight knot, George letting it be known just how good Dream makes him feel. Then, he's cumming again, legs shaking as his nails start to tear at the pillows.

“Alpha,” George cries, “please, Alpha. I need you inside of me, need your cock...”

Dream thinks he died then and there, George practically begging for him to stuff his cock inside, let him split him open on an abnormally long length. And Dream would be crazy to deny him of it—as if he could anyway.

The bed is a mess, sheets wrinkled, and hoodies kicked around without the slightest care in the

world. George's ~~nest~~ mattress smells of sweet bliss and musk—one from Dream spreading his pheromones, and the other being the slick of cum and natural lubricant seeping into threaded cotton.

“Omega,” Dream calls out, “you want me to fuck you?”

George nods, eagerly turning over on his back, legs spread on either side of Dream's hips. “Please, Alpha.”

With a sharp smile sliding onto sun-kissed features, Dream leans down, finally slotting pink lips together and relishing in the patchouli essence of a silver tongue. George gasps into the other's mouth, the front of jean-clothed hips meeting with his ass before he wraps his legs around Dream's bottom half.

Dream hopes George can taste himself on his tongue, hoping he can finally know how enticing he is after eating him out. And with a soft nip to the bottom of plush lips, Dream licks at the underside ivory teeth, leaving absolutely no time for the other to catch his breath between the movements of their mouths.

Sweet bliss is exchanged with the stride of spit mixing, the slick that had previously dripped onto Dream's chin making George's a mess, too.

“Can you taste yourself, angel?”

A whimper is swallowed on his tongue, mouths molding into separate cries of desperation; breaths of want linger on tan skin, head tilting to the side to try and deepen the kiss further.

An influx of feelings surge forward, Dream putting everything into making George codependent on the Alpha for every ounce of pleasure he receives—no matter how minuscule it is. Bleakly, he thinks back to how Sapnap had seen him like this, all vulnerable and needy, and it has him biting down on pink lips hard enough to draw blood.

He trails his mouth down, nipping at white skin until it dances with a necklace of red hickies that'll become a dark amethyst come later in the night. He wants everyone to know that the Omega belongs to someone, that he's claimed for the rest of eternity, even if he isn't marked just yet.

Tactical claws draw crimson lines down Dream's back, scraping the flesh with the remembrance of *George*.

“Mark me,” George blurts out, head too fuzzy to probably even recognize what he's asking.

“Alpha, please, mark me—make me yours forever.”

Karl's words linger like old wine in the back of Dream's mind. *“But take care of him, and **don't**, for the love of god, mark him, Dream—no matter how much he begs for it.”*

And as much as Dream wants to, as much as everything inside of him tells him to bite at the skin of George's neck and release that spike of oxycontin, he doesn't.

“Can't, baby,” he whispers tenderly, opting to press his teeth into the other's neck and pretend to bite him, green fabric tickling his chin. “But we'll talk about it after your heat, okay?”

George whines but still agrees, and his next begs are for Dream to fuck him. And that's something he *can* do. Dream slides off of the bed, fingers fast to unbutton his jeans and pull them off, kicking them to the side before he replaces himself between George's legs.

“Are you sure you want to leave the hoodie on?”

“Yes, please.”

With a smirk, Dream spits into his hand, slicking up his cock, and relishing in the slight tingles of stimulation he receives. His own tip is red, leaking with precum, and Dream is shivering at the thought of finally being able to please the Omega during his heat.

He shuffles closer, the excess of sweet slick spilling out of George warm against his cock when he slides it between his ass. And he doesn't waste any time pushing inside, the easy glide inside George coaxing a broken moan from both his throat and George's.

“Ah, fuck,” George pants, tongue lolling out of his mouth. “S-So big, Alpha. Filling Omega up so good—*please*.”

Dream stutters out a breath, whispers of mutual desperation thick in the air around. No matter how loose George felt before, the sheer size of his cock stuffing the other full made him impossibly tight as Dream pushes inside. And to the Omega, it feels as if he would never *stop* going.

It's enticingly slick, the sounds of breathless moans mixing with sinful intentions as the natural obscenities of George stand-in for lube.

When hips finally connect flush to George's ass, Dream huffs out a curse. “So good for me, baby—such a pretty Omega...”

George keens expectantly, head thrown back, and his lips split open in a whine. His nails drag at Dream's skin, leaving the Alpha marked with red possession as he feels a pulse inside of himself.

“Fuck me,” George breathes out. “Please, Dream, breed me, knot me—*god, shit!*”

A loud curse fumbles from sweet lips when Dream pulls out, tip catching on a taut rim, before slamming back inside. Dream hits his prostate dead-on, and with the size of his cock, they both know how precise his thrusts would become as the afternoon continues.

Dream stabilizes himself with a bruising grip on pale hips, using an abnormal amount of strength to keep George pinned to the bed after flicking the hem of green fabric up. And he fucks the little Omega with an even greater amount of ferocity, thrusts slow yet unbelievably hard—then, George is cumming again without warning.

The tightness around Dream's cock clenches, and the other cries out for more, for Dream not to stop. So he doesn't.

His pace gradually picks up, hips rocking into George with commendable zeal until the Omega is down-right screaming with pleasure. Then, begging for more, wrapping shaky legs around Dream's waist in an attempt to get him deeper inside, the Alpha bites at the junction of George's neck through the hoodie.

And it's never going to compare to the real thing, but maybe it can satisfy George until his heat is over.

Blind with animalistic tendencies and utter desperation, Dream pounds George into oblivion. The bed creaks with every hard thrust, headboard knocking against white walls in a way that the blond is sure would leave a permanent hole behind, reminding them of the time George's heat came two weeks early. And he's sure there'll be more as the days continue until George's euphoric state is over, and his stomach hurts from constant knots that stuff him full.

Dream knew what he was getting himself into the moment he shut the door, and he was alone with the needy Omega—and he'd be damned if he didn't at least help George through all of his heat.

The loud sound of skin-on-skin slapping together with obscene slick reverberates off the walls, filling the gaps of breathy moans and sweet praise with a vile rasp and sultry intentions. And when Dream lets one of his hands wander up, curl around a marked neck, and press almost all of his weight into a squeeze as his thrust turns between slow and laborious, George seems to get even louder.

“Yeah?” Dream whispers, leaning down. “You like this, angel?”

George whines. “Yes,” he answers pathetically, “like it so much, Alpha. G-Go faster, *please*.”

The blond obeys the poor Omega's request, hips snapping at an unforgivable pace just enough for George to see stars. And Dream is sure the boy must be overstimulated, but his cock still weeps with every twitch against an alabaster stomach, and George still begs for more.

Dream releases his grip around a small throat, shuffling around to grab the backs of George's thighs, legs unraveling from around his waist before he's pushing them down flush with pale shoulders. He uses the new position to fuck George harder, pinning a trembling Omega to the bed until he's cumming all over himself once more.

“God, you're making such a fucking mess of yourself, baby,” Dream moans. “Does Alpha fuck you that well?”

Dainty hands shake where they desperately turn into the fabric of red sheets, uncut nails threatening to rip through as George tries to form a coherent agreement. However, he doesn't get anywhere.

All words die on his tongue the second Dream pulls out, tip catching on the slick rim before plunging back inside. Every thrust is calculated; the angle Dream fucks him at hits his prostate over and over and over again, making the Omega feel nothing more than blissed emotions and fluttery want.

The drag of sensitive walls around Dream's dick makes him weak, a bubble of arousal growing big enough to almost pop, flood his bones with the repercussions of his knot and bind him to George for the next half-hour. And that alone is why Dream makes the quick decision of falling onto his back, pulling George on top of him, so he's straddling his hips.

“Ride me,” is the only thing he says, lining his cock up with George's entrance.

Soft fabric bundles around shaky hands, bawling into fists on Dream's torso as George lifts his ass, letting himself sink onto largeness without any heap of resistance; Dream is perfectly content in waiting for George to make the first move.

And he does, but only when his thighs finally stop trembling, and his body becomes adjusted to the girth pulsing inside him. George almost thinks he feels pressure on his gut. He does.

Decidedly, the new angle presses against every single nerve that dares to light his skin aflame—and Dream moans at the tight clench given around his cock.

“You okay, doll?”

George whimpers, a pathetic scrape of his nails trailing over a tan torso when his fists unball. “M fine... Alpha's just big—y-you're so big, Dream.”

He lifts himself, gasping from the drag of Dream's cock along overstimulated walls before plopping back down, pulling both a high and low moan from both boy's throats. Only George sounds more pathetic and broken than Dream does. He's on the verge of his... actually he doesn't know, but all George can think about is chasing pleasure until he's cumming non-stop until he sees white—which is already happening.

Large palms reach out, curling around the bone of George's hips, guiding him up and down when his thighs begin to shake again.

"Doing so well, such pretty Omega, aren't you, angel?" Dream coos.

Pathetic sobs trail onto tan skin, George pressing his weight into his hands, leaning on Dream for leverage. "M pretty—jus' for you, Al-pha. For you..."

"That's right, baby, *fuck*," Dream moans eyes rolling to the back of his head as George bounces faster. "Using my cock so good, princess. You like it? Like how I make you feel?"

"Fuck, Dream!" George whines, slipping a hand underneath his—*Dream's*—hoodie, laying his hand flat against his gut to feel the intrusion poking out from his navel.

Dream knows what he's feeling at, knows his cock is just *that big* it bulges from George's stomach. (He didn't even have to see it).

"What? Gonna cum again?"

"Yes, p-please. Want Alpha t-to cum, too..."

"I-I am, sweetheart," Dream practically whimpers, fucking up into George at the same time he bounces down. "Just a little longer, okay?"

The Omega whines. "Pl'se breed me, Alpha... w-want your pups."

"You'll get them, baby—*fuck*—just keep bouncing. I'm close, so fuckin' close, George—keep going."

Uncut nails dig hard enough to become claws, sinking into tan skin with a vicious bite that could draw blood. It doesn't, but Dream wishes it did.

"Scratch me, angel. Don't be afraid to hurt me—please, baby."

At the masochistic plea emitted by the Alpha, George repositions his hands at the top of Dream's shoulders, nails dragging along the flesh as he curls his fingers into soft palms. And he continues to lift his hips in weak movements, barely holding back pleasure-filled sobs as Dream hits against every inch he couldn't possibly get himself.

When Dream shifts his angle, knees bending his inwards and aiding in the poor ministrations, he pulls a full-blown scream from strawberry-slicked lips—raspy and choked with vulgarities, spit dripping past the corners of the Omega's mouth as he spits senseless pleas.

And George falls forward, nose pressing into the crook of the other's neck as his relentless pace finally gets back at him for taking it too fast.

Dream can feel the knot—that the latter so desperately wants—forming at the base of his dick, movements growing lax as each thrust proves futile. Even if his leverage replaces itself with his arms wrapped tightly around George's shoulders, vile and hot moans lay thick in the air as he ruins

the poor Omega.

The scrape of sharp teeth and a velvet tongue has Dream smirking. “Trying to mark me, Omega?” he asks breathlessly.

“W-Want you t’be mine.”

“I am yours,” Dream enunciates with a hard thrust up.

George whines. “Forever, Clay—n-need you forever.”

Scarlet hickies are spread over tan skin without remorse, George quite literally claiming Dream with his tongue (though it’s not exactly what he wants).

“Please be mine, A-Alpha,” he babbles, teeth daring to press into thin skin.

At the tight feeling of hands running through his hair, he gasps, head being tugged away from sun-kissed skin in seconds. He whines again, hips grinding down onto the tip of Dream’s cock where it presses against that bundle of nerves that calls for the other’s release—but only after the thrusts stop.

“Keep your fuckin’ teeth to yourself, darling.”

The growl that rips from the brunet’s throat dares to shock him, red eyes flashing at unfiltered persistence as he watches George run a tongue along sharp canines.

“Bad puppy,” he seethes, pushing down treasured desires as not to make the mistake of allowing George to claim him for life.

Of course, he wants that, wants to sink his own teeth into the bond gland that sits so pretty and bare on the omega’s neck, longs for longevity and mating scars and cycles no longer spent alone.

But George is already his. He knows it. George has always been his, always will be.

So Dream can wait until his boy is done with his heat. He’ll wait to sit George down, confess all years of yearning and pining for a touch that was always his to begin with, because what kind of person would he be if he took advantage of his blissful mind.

Dream grinds himself against George’s prostate, the Omega’s rim stretching around his cock to accommodate for his growing knot, the tightness around him feeling euphoric every time George tries to sink further.

“Close, baby,” he breathes, using his grip in tufts of brown curls to press strawberry lips against his own, not kissing but rather panting into the other’s mouth, drinking in each breathy drawn-out plea for more. “Want alpha to knot you?”

“Please!” Anguid desperation laces each broken syllable muffled by the press of hungry lips.

His pace grows unsteady, pastel teeth craving the neck of his lover, so he nips at George’s bottom lips when he cums, drawing faint spurts of crimson blood that he licks up with vehemence, the taste of bitter iron sweet on his gums.

He paints George’s insides alabaster, knot catching and trapping himself inside the blubbling Omega as he fucks his pups into him.

George sobs, wet tears tracing the expanse of scarlet cheeks as he finishes against both their chests,

slickness against every inch of writhing bodies.

Pearlescent drops of cum leak out of George's hole as Dream stills, wrapping tired arms around the small of the brunet's back and pulling him into his chest. George is locked in place, the slight discomfort that follows minor movements ripping a deafening scream from a scratchy throat as Dream's cock tugs against taut muscle.

"F-Feels so good—*ah!*" George cuts off with a sharp moan when Dream grinds his knot against sensitive nerves. "Thank you... thank you, fuck, love your p-pups, Dr'm..."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

George whines brokenly, the clouds rolling over in his mind lifting just enough for him to properly take in this moment before he's back to being caught up in desperation. Soft breaths mix with barely-there groans that slip from Dream's mouth, the sounds settling in George's ears like thick honey.

"My heat isn't over..." he whispers as if it's a secret.

"I know," a short kiss is planted on top of his head, "just means I get to fuck you for a week straight."

The Omega whimpers into tan skin, previous reminders of trying to mark Dream captivating him. "I think we'll have to get me a muzzle or something."

With stupid grins and soft laughs, they stay in their position for a little longer—just until Dream's knot went down enough to allow him to move a little more freely. Then George is practically begging for more, and then more, and more.

And Dream is perfectly content with doing that.

End Notes

this was kinda short but that's desperation, baby <3

comments and kudos are always appreciated !! <3

go follow [my twitter](#) if you like my content, i post snippets and so much brainrot (as well as millie content hehe)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!